



My Kind of Crazy by KupcakeKitten

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Summary: Alicia always knew there was something more to Derry than meets the eye. She had done her research, she had a suspect in mind, now if only she could question said suspect. Be careful what you wish for, you might just end up stumbling into the very creature you have been searching for. Story set a few months before Georgie dies, I have a reason for that. Rated M for future chapters.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters from the book/movie IT, although I wish I owned my dearest Penny. The only person I own is my oc, Alicia. Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoy! I haven't written anything in a long time so I hope my story telling isn't too terrible.

June 2nd 1988, it was a peaceful night in the infamous town of Derry. The pitch black new moon hid in the sky, the only savior from complete darkness were the streetlights. Although it shouldn't have mattered, curfew was 7pm and it was currently 9:23pm which meant everyone should be in their homes. Safe from whatever horror seemed to lurk in the otherwise plain and uninteresting town. The same could not be said for Alicia Denbrough, a pretty little thing that had just graduated high school this year. However that didn't stop her from hitting the books as she walked home with a stack of books and papers in her arms, piled so high she could barely see where she was going.

Her appearance was nothing special, albeit a little odd, in fact that Bowers kid loved to tease her because of how she dressed. It was an understatement when she said she loved black, you didn't even have to ask her to confirm it was her favorite color. She had on a fairly plain t-shirt with her beloved Mistah J on it, aka The Joker, oh yes she was indeed one of those people. Her leggings were black on one leg and red on the other while she wore a black tutu and combat boots. Ocean blue eyes stared forward, narrowing as they focused on where she was going as to not trip, although it was difficult since her bangs wouldn't stop falling over her left eye. Golden blonde locks bounced behind her as she walked, standing still her wavy hair stopped at the small of her back. She groaned softly as she readjusted the books, her arms were becoming sore from the weight and she wished she could just snap her fingers and appear in her room already.

Taking a deep breath she stretched her foot out to start walking once more, all she needed was to turn one more corner and she would

finally be home sweet home. She could already see the look on her parents face as she walked through the front door, completely furious that she had once again been out past curfew. Her two brothers standing at the staircase as they watched in amusement, Georgie snickering in his hands while Bill shook his head in mock disappointment. Being lost in thought she should have known this would happen as she tripped over nothing, which wasn't unusual for her, squeaking softly as she fell forward. Her books came crashing down like an avalanche as papers scattered across the ground.

Her face was buried deep in the leather cover of a history book as she cursed at herself, not even bothering to lift her head to reveal the horror of all of her stuff being strewn about. She could have laid there for hours, chastising herself for being so damn clumsy, if it wasn't for the deep, crackling voice she heard. "I think you dropped something." The voice sounded like it was trying, and failing, at being cheerful and happy-go-lucky. Lifting her head she frantically looked around, thinking some creeper was standing right behind her, ready to snatch her up and take her away from this world that she had grown to tolerate. However when she realized there was no one around she looked down at the book, thinking she had just imagined the voice. "I must have hit my head harder than I thought..." She grumbled, putting her hands on the ground beside her she picks herself up when the voice speaks up once again, this time deeper, almost as if the person was growing impatient. "Down here, kiddo."

Blinking she told herself to not even bother looking down, growing increasingly aware she had fallen right next to a storm drain. Although her curiosity had won as she gave in and glanced down, the only thing she saw at first were glowing yellow eyes and that was enough to make her jump to her feet. "Well now, is that any way to treat a friendly stranger?" Taking a closer look into the drain she saw icy blue eyes this time and she wondered how she ever mistook them for a sickly yellow. Sinking back down to her knees she felt strangely drawn to this presence, wanting to know what the person looked like as all she could really see were his eyes. Upon closer inspection she was certain now she was losing her mind, there wasn't a creeper behind her ready to take her, there was a clown in the fucking sewer giving her the creepiest smile she had ever seen.

His face was covered in white face paint, lips painted a blood red with red lines moving from the edge of his lips up towards his eyes. His nose was painted red instead of an obnoxiously large clown nose and she had to admit, despite how odd this whole situation was, it was a nice touch. She couldn't see his hair very well but she could tell it was a burnt ginger, however her eyes couldn't seem to stray away from that smile of his for long. His smile was unique, to say the least, she had never seen someone's lips curl up like that and.. wait was he drooling? Finally realizing she was borderline admiring his face paint she blinked a few times before leaning back and away from him, he didn't seem to like that. "What's wrong, Alicia? Don't you want your... picture.. back.." His voice trailed off as his eyes focused on the piece of paper in his gloved hands, as he spoke his tone got deeper and she was beginning to realize it did that when he became more serious. At first it didn't even register with her that he had said her name as she was also now more focused on the picture as well, it was dark in the sewer but she could faintly see the red colored pencil she had been using in the library under an hour ago. Her eyes widen and her face flushed red in embarrassment and anger as she quickly reached out for the paper, not even thinking about her own actions. "Give that back!"

He didn't even hesitate, focus gone from the paper he reached his other hand out and grabbed her wrist with such force she had to bite her tongue to keep from crying out in pain. She could already begin to taste the metallic flavor of her own blood in her mouth as she watched the clown in shock and awe. Eyes once again glowing a sickly yellow he opened his mouth to reveal rows upon rows of razor sharp teeth, it looked like this was the end for her, he was going to tear her arm off in one bite.

However as he went to bite down he sniffed the air, it was a small whiff at first before he froze, taking a huge breath this time his eyes narrowed and he slowly closed his mouth. Alicia was frozen as well, unsure of what to do in this situation other than just watch. The clown grunted in anger and disappointment as he looked over at her, grip on her wrist still as tight as a steel trap. "... You aren't afraid of me." It was more of a statement than a question but it seemed like he still wanted an answer. Gone was his happy demeanor, now knowing that his meal had been ruined there was no need for the façade

anymore.

It was true, although the sudden change in atmosphere had greatly surprised her, it did not scare her. It took a lot to scare a girl who fantasized about The Joker, she always seemed to be drawn to dangerous things, not scared by them. Slowly shaking her head no the creature growled in defeat, reluctantly letting go of her arm. Once getting her arm back she seemed to get her voice back as well as she finally spoke to him for the first time, her voice was hoarse from the frightening thought of having her arm torn off. "... I found you.. You're the one.. The one who has been taking all of the children, the one who has instilled so much fear into our town." Hearing these words he seemed to have cheered up once more as he gave her his signature smile, *man this guy is bipolar*, she thought to herself. "My my, you have such a way with words my dear." He purred in a deep tone, once again she felt drawn to him and she began to understand why, despite his outer appearance, he lured so many children in so easily. "I'm honored that you think so highly of me, truly I am." She didn't respond to that, all she could do was grimace when he thought she was actually complimenting him. "Who are you? What are you?" She pressed, having finally found the creature she had been researching for so many years she wasn't about to let this opportunity go. Raising a brow he seemed to be lost in thought for a moment, and it was apparent when his right eye started straying off while his left still stared at her.

She blinked and just stared at him, dumbstruck that this guy was a murderous psychopath, he seemed too childish and impatient. Finally getting a little impatient herself as he just stood there, drooling with his right eye now rolled in the back of his head, she waved her hand in front of his face to get his attention. "Uh... Hell-" She couldn't finish her sentence as he suddenly seemed to snap out of some sort of trance, speaking in the same tone he used when he first spoke to her. "I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Would you like a balloon?" He asked, once again smirking at her. At this point Alicia couldn't even see him as the creature she had been searching for all this time, something about him was strangely appealing and she found herself wanting to know more about this.. thing.

For the first time, she smiled at him, a genuine smile as she even let

out a soft giggle. "You know what? I would love a balloon, Pennywise. And my drawing back, if you please." She replies in a kind tone, which seemed to surprise the sewer dweller. He seemed to think about it for a moment, knowing he wouldn't be able to make the girl fear him he didn't seem to mind playing along, for now. This time he reached his arm out and she could see a bit more of his costume, white ruffles were around his wrist although they seemed to be darkened as if the costume was old and worn out. Taking the piece of paper from him she gave him another smile before beginning to collect her books and notes, knowing she should get going before her parents call the police. "Well it was... Nice? Meeting you, Pennywise. Perhaps we could see each other some other time, without you trying to eat me of course.." She mumbled the last part as she grabbed the last book. Looking back over at the sewer her eyes widen in slight surprise when she saw that he had disappeared. Frowning in slight disappointment she let out a soft sigh before shrugging it off, standing she made her way towards her home once more. Her mind racing as she tried to come to terms with all that had just happened to her, there was no way she had imagined it as her wrist still stung from his hold on her.

She made it home a few minutes later and everything went by in a blur, her parents were furious as predicted but her siblings were already in bed since it was so late, they didn't have the honor of having a front row seat to this show. Walking upstairs to her room she pushed the door open with her foot and walked in, setting her books down on her desk that was conveniently right next to her door. Taking a deep breath she was ready to pass out after the night she just had, turning towards her bed she halted as something caught her eye, how did she not see it when she first entered? In the middle of her room, floating perfectly in the center, was a red balloon.

Authors Note: Hey guys, thanks to a review I realized my paragraphs were a bit long so I hope this helps a little bit. While looking through the chapter again I also noticed a few spelling errors, sorry I wrote this at 4am, so I hoped I fixed all of those as well. I'll probably write chapter two sometime tonight so don't worry!

2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: Do I have to do these at the start of every chapter?
Idek. Anyways I don't own the characters from the book/movie IT blah blah Alicia is my oc blah blah. Anywho! Here is chapter 2 as promised!

Authors note, 9/22/17: Hey guys I know I said I would post a chapter every day but I ended up working 3 extra hours today. I just got home and I'm tired as hell so y'all will have to wait until tomorrow for chapter 3, sorry!

The next morning Alicia woke with a jolt, eyes shooting open as she sat up in bed. Looking around her room everything looked to be in place, the books were still on her desk, her posters of arcade games like Street Fighter were still pinned on the wall, and the red balloon was nowhere to be found.

With that realization she frowned, getting a look of confusion and disappointment. There was no way she had dreamt of last night, she couldn't have dreamt of that strange clown. Although the more she thought about it the more she realized she was an odd girl and she wouldn't put dreams of clowns attempting to eat her past her.

Letting out a soft sigh she couldn't help but be a little disappointed, she hoped she had finally found the creature she had been searching for all these years. Getting out of bed she stretched her arms up with a groan before going into her bathroom. Doing her business she began to brush her teeth and soon got lost in thought, staring at herself in the mirror as she thought about the clown. *Pennywise.. He said his name was Pennywise.* She reminded herself before spitting into the sink.

As if on queue, as soon as she excited her bathroom she looked out of the window that was in her room to see something very peculiar. A red balloon floated on the sidewalk, despite her seeing trees sway from the wind the balloon didn't move an inch. At this point she knew she hadn't dreamt of him and she was suddenly filled with determination as she ran to her closet and quickly found an outfit to

wear.

All she could think about was him, what was he? Why was he here? Why did he kill children? Why did he seem to disappear for twenty seven years at a time? And why didn't he kill her? These questions were surging through her mind and she wasn't even paying attention to where she was going before two small hands grabbed her arm.

Blinking out of her thoughts she looked down to see her youngest brother, Georgie, looking up at her with concern in his eyes. "Ali where were you last night? Me and Bill thought you weren't going to come back.. That you would go missing too.." As he spoke tears began to form in those chocolate brown eyes that she could never resist for long.

Alicia sighed softly and kneeled down, as soon as she was face to face with her brother he wrapped his arms around her neck in a tight hug. Hugging him back she closed her eyes, gently petting the back of his head, cooing and shushing him to try and calm him down. "Georgie.. You know I would never let that happen, I could never leave you. You're too precious to me and I can't trust Bill to take care of you all by himself." She teased, trying to cheer him up and when she heard a faint giggle she knew it was working.

She knew their parents loved them, but they just didn't give her siblings the attention they deserved. Most of the time her and Bill were the ones taking him to the park, to the arcade, giving him a bath and helping him with his homework. He was the most precious thing in the world to her and she suddenly remembered why she began to research the disappearances in the first place.

She needed to protect Georgie. She would stop at nothing to find out what that creature was and why he did what he did, she would find his weaknesses so she could protect her little brothers. Find his weakness, or find his heart.

Remembering the balloon she gently pulled Georgie out of her arms and rested her hands on his shoulders, giving him a soft and loving smile. "Now why don't you go ask Bill if he'll take you to the park? It's summer and you should be out having fun!" She then gave him eskimo kisses, rubbing their noses together with a happy grin.

Georgie blushed in embarrassment but giggled nonetheless, leaning back and away from her with his tongue sticking out in fake disgust. "Ew! Ali I told you I'm too old for that!" He huffed as he tried to pout but he couldn't stop himself from smiling, feeling much better now that he was sure his big sister was fine.

Rolling her eyes she sticks her tongue out as well before ruffling his hair and standing up. "Yea yea. Well then, big boy, go tell Bill to get his lazy butt out of bed. And if you do go to the park make sure to put on sunblock! You don't want to get sun burnt like last time, do you?" She asked with a raised brow.

His eyes widen and he quickly shook his head, remembering last summer when they had gone to the beach. They had been outside from dawn till dusk and he hadn't put sunblock on once! The poor boy was as red as a lobster, and as amusing as it was to look at, it hurt like a bitch. They had to basically give him a bath in aloe for the rest of the week and it was not fun for any of them.

With that he turned and ran off towards Bill's room, leaving Alicia in the dust as she just watched him with a smile of adoration. She didn't know where she would be without her little brother, she probably would have lost her mind by now. Chuckling she shook her head and walked down the stairs and out of the house.

The balloon was patiently waiting in the same exact spot, but as soon as she started walking towards it, it floated away. She followed it, knowing that's what he wanted. He must of heard her tell him she wanted to see him again and this balloon was her invitation. She had a feeling he was just as curious of her as she was of him, a human who was not only unafraid of him but also wanted to actually talk to him.

As she followed the balloon through the neighborhood she wondered if he wasn't done trying to eat her, she had a feeling he wasn't the kind of creature to give up so easily. Although if he was planning on scaring her once again it wouldn't work, as long as she knew it was him. She was afraid of mundane things, like spiders, but if he planned on running at her as a giant spider thinking she would faint in horror, he was sorely mistaken.

It was just like going to a house of horrors, no matter how frightening the people looked, she knew that behind the masks they were all just regular human beings like herself. And although behind his mask was a dangerous child killing psychopath ready to jump out and sink his fangs into her, she had a feeling as long as she didn't fear him he couldn't hurt her. So she didn't fear him, nor would she fear the many masks he was likely to use against her.

She now had a cocky smirk as she followed the balloon, thinking nothing could go wrong. But as they approached their destination she glanced up at the street signs and she didn't know whether to burst out laughing or facepalm in disappointment by how obvious this was. *Why did I not think of this?* She cursed at herself as her eyes immediately found the old house on Neibolt Street. And as if knowing she had figured it out, the balloon floated up high into the sky as if its job was done.

Shaking her head the girl looked amused as she approached the old well house, she always had her suspicions but honestly the house freaked her out way too much for her to ever enter it. Walking past the small gate she looked all around the house, it looked like it would cave in at any moment and she had a feeling it just might if he wasn't keeping it standing.

Just as she thought of him the door creaked open, whispers were heard coming from the entrance. Each one was saying her name, willing her to come closer, and for once she was beginning to get cold feet. *Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.. I feel like I'm being invited into the devil's house.*

"Oh my dearest Alicia.. I assure you I am not the devil." A joyful, crackling voice spoke behind her, making her tense up. A gloved hand slowly reached up and rested on her right shoulder as she heard the voice speak once more, this time it sounded almost as if it was growling. "I am much.. Much worse."

Everything happened so fast after that, she had just been standing outside the house, out in plain sight where nothing could go wrong. Now her lungs were being filled with dust and miasma as her eyes darted around the presumably empty home. Cobwebs could be seen in every corner, rats and roaches scurried around in each and every

crevice. And a demented clown stood in front of her, towering over her small 5'4 frame with a red balloon in hand and his signature smirk plastered on his red lips.

And that's the end of chapter 2! Ahahahahahaha I love being evil! :) I know this chapter didn't have a lot of Penny in it, but I don't want to move things too fast. I want my oc to have some backstory, ya know? I want everyone to know that she has a life outside of searching for that silly clown, and that she has a reason for wanting to find him so badly. But anyways that's it for now, I'll most likely post chapter 3 tomorrow. Thanks for reading!

3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters from the move/book IT. I only own Alicia.

Sorry for not updating for a few days, friends! Last week I just started my new job so I was really busy with that and yesterday I was out hanging with friends. But I'm back and I'm thinking I might write chapter 4 today as well so be ready for that ;).

Pennywise pov, the night before:

"Well it was... nice? Meeting you, Pennywise. Perhaps we could see each other again..." Those words rang through the mind of the one and only Pennywise the Dancing Clown. In the eternity he has been alive this is the first time he has felt baffled, and a female human was the cause of this foreign feeling.

This is why he didn't mess with adults unless he was forced to, they didn't have the decency to be afraid of him like they should be. But even then he at least creeped them out, however this girl was different. He didn't just smell fear, he could smell all the emotions that ran through a human and the main ones radiating off of her were curiosity and awe.

He bared his fangs in annoyance at the thought, how could a human be in awe of him? He was Pennywise for crying out loud! He was the most feared creature in Derry and this human acted like she wanted to study him like he was some science project.

Walking through the sewer he was following the girl to her home, he hated to admit that she was intriguing to him as well. He wanted to see what made this human tick, perhaps she could be the answer to all his problems. If he could figure out how to make her fear him, he would never have to worry about humans being unafraid ever again.

He snapped out of his thoughts when she turned and walked into her home, yellow eyes peaked out from a storm drain as they seemed to be scanning the home. In the blink of an eye he was gone from the

sewer and now stood in the middle of her room.

He looked all around, wanting to get a feel of who this girl was so he would be prepared when they met each other again. Afterall, she had said she wanted to see him again and that wasn't an invitation he got all the time.

As his eyes roamed the room he noticed a few things that had confused and intrigued him. Pennywise had a bad habit of losing track of the times, so he never knew what was popular at the time and what was not. For a creature that lived off the fear of humans one would think he would know everything about children and what they liked, but he thought that was a waste of time. Why did he need to know what they liked? He only needed to know what they hated, what they feared, that's all that mattered to him.

Focusing on the posters that hung on the wall one in particular caught his eye and he smirked in amusement. He had thought he saw a clown on her shirt but he thought he was mistaken, but now he knew he wasn't. "How interesting..." He chuckled darkly to himself as he reached out and touched the poster of The Joker. He wasn't your typical clown, but Pennywise knew a clown when he saw one and this one looked almost as dangerous as he was.

He then thought back to the picture the girl had drawn, it looked an awful lot like this clown except with red hair and a red nose. Pennywise snorted in amusement as he realized this girl seemed to have a thing for killer clowns, well this is certainly going to be an interesting experience for the both of them.

Turning his head towards the door he heard her walking up the stairs and he tilted his head before quickly disappearing, but not before he had manifested one of his signature balloons. Letting it float there he teleported outside of her window as he peaked inside, wishing to see her reaction to his little present.

He didn't think she could get anymore interesting, but he was mistaken as he watched her. Putting her books down she let out a sigh of relief before turning towards his balloon, but instead of him smelling fear, he smelt.. Joy? Walking up to the balloon a small smile appears on her features as she gingerly touched it, did she think he

did that as a token of goodwill?

After that he left her alone for the night, appearing in the sewer next to his pile of trophies that he had taken from all his previous victims. He began to pace back and forth, long arms behind his back as he mumbled words to himself, trying to come up with a plan for tomorrow. He would need to be craftier than usual if he planned on making this human fear him.

His eyes glowed brighter as he seemed to get an idea and he started to chuckle, the chuckle turning into full blown cackling as he stopped pacing and just stood there laughing. Oh he had a plan alright and he couldn't wait to put it into action, but for now he would have to wait. And what could be a better way to pass the time than going hunting? After all his earlier meal had been ruined and he was starving, drool began to dribble down his bottom lip as he vanished into the night. The last thing anyone heard that night was the scream of a child, calling out to his mommy.

And that's that, sorry if it's not very long or if you were hoping for me to continue where chapter 2 left off ;P. I plan on doing Pennywise pov's from time to time and I just kind of wanted y'all to get a feel of how he felt after their encounter. Idk about you guys but there are plenty of fanfictions I read where I'm just dying to know how the other person reacts or how they feel during a certain situation and it kills me not knowing.